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LOVE IN A COURT.

A CITY POEM.

You may laugh as you like, old fellow,
 And think it the rarest of sport,
 But there's never a lass to my thinking
 Like Bessie that lives in our court.
 Oh, I know that she is not a beauty
 As far as the face may go,
 And I know that she is not so handsome
 As many that you might show.
 But the thought of her, Ned, is a blessing
 That fills me by night and by day,
 That keeps me far better and wiser
 Than ever my tongue can say;
 And the sight of her, too, is a picture—
 The trim little bonnet and gown,
 The tiny feet tripping so lightly,
 The face looking shyly down;
 The eyes with their luminous splendor—
 Ah, lad, they would make you stare—
 And the sunshine that glimmers and dances,
 And falls from her yellow hair;
 The sound of her voice, why, it's music,
 That thrills like the song of a bird,
 The sweetest, the best, and the dearest
 That ever my ears have heard;
 And the kind little heart, that is beating
 As truthful as truth may be—
 Ah, these are the things that have made her
 The angel she is to me.
 All day, as I work in my garret,
 The thought that is balm to my brain,
 Is the thought that the coming darkness
 Will bring us together again.
 For she works, does my pet, in the City,
 Till blackness comes down on the street,
 While here, in the dark, at my window
 I hark for her coming feet;
 And the sweetest of things is the pressure,
 The touch of her soft white hand,
 And the music that tells me the secrets
 Of all she has thought and planned.
 I'm only a struggling artist,
 With little or nothing to boast,
 You know that my all is a trifle,
 A guinea or two at the most;
 That bust of blind Homer in plaster,
 That Venus there, just by the door,
 Apollo, the head of an actor,
 And clay for a thing or two more.
 But they tell me, old friend, there's a some-
 thing,
 A soul in the things I have done,
 That will bring me both fortune and honor
 Some day, when the battle's won.
 So I toil away here in my garret,
 And dream of the coming day,
 And strive with an earnest endeavor
 To fashion my soul in clay;
 And the shapes, ah, the shapes that will
 haunt me,
 Come sweetest and most divine,
 As the face and the eyes of my darling
 Rise up in this heart of mine.
 She's cheery enough in her loneliness,
 I'm happy enough in my way,
 Each plodding along for a living,
 And striving from day to day.
 It's little of time we have either
 For things that are tender and sweet,
 A smile when we part in the morning,
 A shake of the hand when we meet.
 Yet sometimes we sit of an evening
 Outside on the landing stairs,
 With the noise and the bustle around us,
 And talk of our poor affairs;
 And sometimes a vision of glory,
 A sweetness of long ago,
 Comes back with a day we remember

Afar where the roses blow;
 And we hear, as we sit there thinking,
 The songs of the birds so sweet,
 And we feel, as we sit there thinking,
 The grasses beneath our feet,
 And we see, as we sit there thinking,
 The fields with their glory of gold;
 And, Ned, we forget in our thinking
 That life is so bitter and cold—
 Forget all the cares and the longings,
 The strivings for daily bread,
 Forget all the meanness, the slander,
 Heaped high on my poor girl's head.
 And so, in the gathering darkness,
 I sit with her hand in mine,
 And wonder, and wonder if ever
 The day of my dream will shine.
 There's comfort at times, Ned, there's com-
 fort,
 Out, out where the cool winds blow,
 'Neath the trees in the Park to be lying
 When the red sun is burning low;
 For it's then that the face of my darling
 Looks like what it ever had been,
 Had she lived in the pleasant country
 'Mong the flowers and the grasses green;
 And it's then that her eyes are the brightest,
 Her music most happy and sweet,
 And it's then that I long for the fortune
 To lay at my darling's feet—
 That I long for the day, and its coming,
 The joy and the dream of my life,
 When the battle I fight shall be over,
 And Bessie shall be my wife;
 When my arm shall be nerved by her music,
 My heart by the light of her eyes;
 For it's Bess, lad, that's keeping the laurels
 To crown me if ever I rise.

There's a knock at the door, it's the post-
 man;
 Why, who can be writing to me?
 I guess it's some needy old tradesman;
 Just open the door, Ned, and see.
 It's neat enough, tinted and scented,
 A crest and initials in gold;
 By Jove, but it's making me nervous;
 Hurrah, Ned, it's sold! it's sold!
 The figure—the figure of Juno—
 You know, in Trafalgar Square;
 Just lend me your hand, Ned, a minute,
 And give me a mouthful of air.
 A hundred bright guineas, a hundred,
 Oh, Bessie, my love, my love!
 Oh, darling, I know your bright angel
 Has heard you in heaven above.
 You'll stay with me, Ned, have a pipeful,
 We'll talk of this windfall, my friend;
 Who knows, since I've made the beginning,
 Where the fame and the fortune may end?
 There's Bessie: come here to the window;
 It's dark, but you'll manage to see—
 There, under the lamp, look, she's standing,
 She's waving her hand, man, to me.
 A hundred bright guineas, a hundred!
 I say, Ned, we'll just have a light;
 I'll show you the labor of years, man,
 You'll see my Achilles to-night.
 There, wait till I get off the wrappings,
 Prepare for a pleasant surprise;
 Now then. Ha! my worthy young critic,
 I thought it would open your eyes.
 Just look at the curve of the shoulders,
 Just look at the set of the limb,
 And see how erect and defiant;
 Well, what is your notion of him?
 You like it, you do? well, that's something;
 But hark, there's a foot on the stair;
 Stand out of the way, Ned, you villain,
 There's Bess at the door, I declare.

MATTHIAS BARR.

ART MATTERS.

It is high time we had a free art gallery in this city. The National Academy unquestionably does much good; but what we want is a collection of pictures that shall be free to the masses, open on all days, and free to all persons. Art galleries are the surest and most direct means by which to instruct the people in the beauties and principles of art; they bring them into closer connection with art, and must, in the natural order of things, improve their minds. Pictures are civilizing, progressive, tending to instruct the people and give them a wider range of thought; lifting them up, to a degree, from the pettinesses of the world to an atmosphere of poetry and imagination. Intrinsically practical as the American people are, they need this lifting up, require something to divert them from the helter skelter race for the almighty dollar in which they are one and all so intently engaged; require, in short, some civilizing medium to do away with the practical business feeling which enters so largely into their composition. The surest way to effect this is by the establishment of free art galleries throughout the country.

The Roys' Art Gallery, now open at 845 Broadway, has for its object this end. The plan proposed is to issue season tickets at one dollar each; when one hundred thousand, or more, of these tickets are sold, the works for distribution will be placed in the hands of a committee of honorably known gentlemen, who shall distribute them among the ticket holders as they may deem equitable, and in accordance with law.

If the one hundred thousand tickets should not be sold prior to December 1st, 1867, then there will be withdrawn, under the direction of said committee, such number of pictures as shall amount in value to the number of tickets remaining unsold.

When the distribution has been made, all receipts above the expenses will be placed in the hands of the committee, as trustees, for the purpose of establishing a fund for the erection and support of a National Free Art Gallery.

Among the pictures to be distributed are Noble's "Slave Mart," and several other celebrated and well known works.

Now here is a plan that appears to be perfectly just and equitable. The managers, knowing the public love of speculation, have adopted the distribution idea, giving every purchaser of season tickets an equal chance to obtain some valuable work of art, and at the same time contribute his mite towards the erection and support of a National Gallery. The movement receives the approbation of all of our most prominent artists, and from the evident fairness of its conception and the good object had in view deserves the